

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that strue by factions and by friendes
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,
In election for the Romaine Emperie
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Lives not this day within the Citty walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From wearie warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his sonnes (a terrour to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, trained vp in Armes.
Tenne yeeres are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes
In Coffins from the fielde,
And now at last, laden with honours spoyle,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreate by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitall and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,
Disinisse your followers, and as suters should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Basianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,

In

of *Titus Andronicus*.

In thy vprighnes and integrity,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismisle my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit So*

Saturninus.

Eriends that haue beene thus forward in my right.
I thanke you all, and heere dismisle you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Basianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Succesfull in the battailes that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of
sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin covered with black
two other sonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tame
Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes, Chiron and Dem
with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be, then set
the Coffin, and Titus speakes.*

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